

Atty. Gen. Dutton

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BIOGRAPHICAL.

Nathaniel Peabody.

Original.

In the third volume of the Historical Collections of Farmer and Moore, may be found a very full and correct account of Gen. Peabody, understood to be from the pen of Col. Richard Bartlett, who being in possession of his papers, was well qualified to perform the task. We shall attempt little more than an abridgement from this sketch, and a statement of the various public stations, which he occupied.

NATHANIEL PEABODY was the son of Dr. Jacob P. and Susanna, daughter of Rev. John Rogers of Boxford, and was born at Topsfield Mass. where his father resided, on the 1st of March, 1741. His mother was *not* a descendant of John Rogers the martyr, as is stated by Col. Bartlett, but was of a different family.

His preliminary education, he received entirely from his father, who was a distinguished physician and an enlightened man, and he studied physic with him from the age of twelve to eighteen, when he lost his parent, teacher and friend. Two years after, he removed to Atkinson, N. H. and soon acquired extensive practice in his profession. Here he became early a favourite with the governor and was placed in commission of peace when yet quite young, and in Apr. 1771, was appointed justice of the quorum. In 1764, on the 1st of March, he married Abigail, daughter of Samuel Little Esq. of Plaistow, but had no children. His lady survived him.

In Oct. 1774, he was appointed Lieut. Col. of militia, and about the same time, became conspicuous for the zeal with which he asserted his country's rights, he having been the first man in the state, who resigned a King's commission on account of political opinions. In Dec. of this year, he was one of the party who carried off the stores from the King's fort at New-Castle.

Col Peabody was a delegate from Atkinson to a convention of about forty towns in N. H. and Mass. which met at the House of Maj Joseph B. Varnum in Dracut, in Nov. 1776, to devise means to obviate the depreciation of the currency and the high price of the necessaries of life. Of this meeting, he was clerk, the draftsman of the petitions to the General Courts of the two states, and a member of the committee to prefer the petition to the Legislature of Massachusetts Bay.

In 1776, '77, '78, and '79, he was chosen a member of the General Court from the district of Atkinson and Plaistow. No member was more prominent, none more efficient or useful. He was a member of nearly every important committee, and his skill as a draftsman generally pointed him out to execute their reports and difficult instruments. On the 10th of Jan. 1777, he was first chosen to the committee of safety and served in that capacity, with occasional intermissions for three years. In the same

year, he was appointed with Jonathan Blanchard to perform the duties of Attorney General, in the absence of that officer, and was commissioned as justice of the peace and quorum for Rockingham co. on the 28th of June.

On the 30th of July, 1778, he took his seat in a convention of delegates from the states of New England and New York, holden on the much-mooted and difficult subject of the currency. Several measures of consequence were recommended for adoption and subsequently approved by the Assembly of the state. On the 16th day of Jan., of the same year, he attended the celebrated convention of commissioners from the northern states, held at New Haven by advice of Congress, to regulate by law the price of provisions and imported commodities.

On the 19th of July, he was appointed Adjutant-General of the militia of this state, with the rank of Colonel, and in the following year, was in that capacity with our troops at Rhode Island under Gen. Whipple. He commanded a regiment of volunteers at the same place, and as one of them remarks 'was an excellent officer, kind and attentive to the soldiers, but when on parade, they had to look well to the right.' With Josiah Bartlett, he went to Bennington by appointment of the state to take care of, and provide for, the remains of the sickly retreating troops who fought the battle of Bennington, and those who had evacuated Ticonderoga.

In 1779, on the 26th of March, and again on the 3d of April, he was elected a member of the Continental Congress and took his seat on the 22d June. Here he soon became an active and useful member, and was added, on the 3d of Sept. to the Medical Committee, of which he soon after became the chairman.—This committee was one of great importance, it being the supreme authority in relation to all matters connected with the Medical department.

On the 16th of Nov. he was appointed on the part of this state with Mr Langdon to meet other commissioners from the several states at a convention at Philadelphia the January ensuing, "to take into consideration the expediency of limiting the prices of merchandize and produce, with the view of thereby preventing the further depreciation of our currency."—Such compulsory measures, although frequently resorted to, and although recommended by our most enlightened statesmen, were of little avail in relieving the general distress.

At the beginning of the year 1780, the affairs of the country had arrived at a most alarming crisis. Distress and discontent were the order of the day, and it seemed that the system of disorder and corruption which had crept into the administration of affairs, could never be eradicated. It was determined by Congress to choose a committee with full powers, to proceed to Head-quarters, consult with the commander-in chief and the Commissary and Quarter-Master General and remedy the

defects in their departments; reform existing abuses, abolish unnecessary officers and carry into effect every thing which might be for the general good.

On the 13th of April, Philip Schuyler of New York, John Matthews of S. Carolina, and Nathaniel Peabody of N. Hampshire were chosen said committee, and forthwith proceeded to Morristown. It is out of our power to follow this committee in their exertions in the cause of their country. Suffice it to say, that from April to August 1780, the time when they were discharged, their labors to effect the objects of their appointment were unremitting, and the amount of good which sprung from their labors, cannot at this day be duly appreciated. 'The record of their proceedings, including copies of many letters from Gen. Washington, Gen. Greene and others, together with military returns and other official documents, fills a folio volume of 350 closely written pages, and is an honorable monument of the untiring industry, enlightened views, distinguished firmness and energy, and devoted patriotism of the committee.

In Sept. 1780, he was at Philadelphia, in ill health, and his sickness, together with the state of his affairs at home, rendered him extremely urgent to return. Being relieved in November by the appointment of Woodbury Langdon, he left Congress, although by a vote of the legislature of the same month, he was empowered to remain.

He was, however, not permitted to remain in retirement. He was sent by his townsmen to the House of Representatives in 1781, '82 and '83. In the last of these years, he was a member of the convention to form a constitution for the state, and the chairman of the committee which drew it up. In 1784, he was again a member of the popular branch of the legislature, and was elected by the House and Senate on the 9th of June, to be a counsellor for the year ensuing. On the 14th of Dec. he was appointed a justice of the court of common pleas, but declined accepting the office.

In 1785, he was elected by the inhabitants of Atkinson a member of the House, by the people of Rockingham, a member of the Senate, and by both branches of the Legislature, a member of the Council. On the 21st of June, he was again chosen a member of Congress, but did not, probably, take his seat in that body. He was appointed Brigadier General of the corps of light horsemen on the 25th of March of the same year.

In 1787, '88, and '89, he was in the House. In the last year, he was appointed a justice of the quorum throughout the state; was a member and chairman of a committee "to examine the laws of this state, and report whether any, and what laws of this state militate with the laws and constitution of the United States;" and was a committee to revise the militia laws, with Gen. Sullivan and Josiah Bartlett.

In 1790, '91, and '92, he was returned to the Senate. In the former year, the N. H. Medi-

cal Society, of which he was one of the projectors, was incorporated. In the same year, he was appointed with J. S. Sherburne, and Jeremiah Smith to revise the laws of the state, arrange them in a volume and prepare an index. In 1791, he was Vice President, and a very active and efficient member of the convention to revise the state constitution whose deliberations resulted in framing our present form of government.

In 1793, he was a member of the House, and was chosen Speaker of that body. On the 27th of March of the same year, he was appointed Major General of the first division of militia, which office he resigned the 6th July 1798. In 1795, he was again a Representative, and this was the last time that he appeared in public life. The deranged situation of his affairs was the principal reason of his voluntary retirement.

He had speculated largely in lands, had sustained great losses by means of suretyship and the perfidy of his friends, and he became involved in litigation. His misfortunes resulted in his confinement to the limits of the gaol at Exeter for the last part of his life. The operation of the laws of imprisonment for debt, was equally severe in his case, as in those of his compatriots, the brave Col. Barton, and the father of our financial system, Robert Morris.

He died at Exeter on the 27th of June, 1823, in the 83d year of his age.

Gen. Peabody was an excellent Physician; he was generous in his disposition, faithful in his friendships. He was a patron of merit; was a chief founder of the Atkinson Academy, which, under the tuition of Hon. John Vose, was one of the first institutions in New England, and many young men are indebted to his bounty for liberal educations. His natural abilities were of the first order, and his caustic wit and humor, qualities of mind, which never deserted him to the latest period of his life, rendered him a formidable adversary. He had a taste for the science of law, was a skilful draftsman, and an able legislator. In his politics, he was a zealous supporter of Anti-federal principles, and at one period, possessed great influence in the state. He was temperate in his habits, but was in disposition, vain and opinionative, remarkably fond of show, dress, and ostentatious parade. Phrenologists would have found in him, large developments of Self-esteem, Love of Approbation, Adhesiveness, Combative, Benevolence, Hope, Ideality and Mirthfulness, and by no means a deficiency in the Perceptive Faculties. Whilst on the other hand, Secretiveness and Acquisitiveness would have proved moderate.

On a candid review of all the transactions and peculiar circumstances of General Peabody's long life, from his cradle to his grave, we are impelled to the conclusion, that he was a useful citizen, an enlightened politician, and in times of trial and danger, as well as in the halcyon days of peace and prosperity, a firm and ardent friend to his country.

PROVERBS. A man of fashion, says Lord Chesterfield, never had recourse to proverbs and vulgar aphorisms.

E. C. Genet.

Original.

I have a few more words to say, in relation to the letter which Dr. S. L. Metcalf has published in the N. Y. Times. In that letter, he accuses the writer of the Biography of Mr. Genet of falsehood in insinuating that he, Dr. M., borrowed from Genet's work in his celebrated book on Terrestrial Magnetism. He there stated that there was no resemblance between any two sentences in the two books, and defied the writer to substantiate his charge by quoting parallel passages. That I have done in a previous number, and I leave it to the judgment of my readers, should any follow me in the ungracious task, how far my previous assertions were sustained.

But Dr. Metcalf must be lamentably deficient in his views of morality and honor, if he thinks the cause of right can be advanced by a resort to such conduct as he displayed in the latter part of his letter. He there endeavors to bring ridicule upon the writer, by coupling his own name with that of Sir Humphrey Davy, and declaring that both are equally accused of profiting by the labors of Genet. But I am not disposed to let such conduct pass by without notice. Nothing of the kind was advanced in the Biography of Genet, and the pretended quotation which Dr. M. makes from that Biography cannot be found in it, or anything resembling it. The gentleman perhaps thought that such an attempt would pass undetected in New-York, but it cannot in New-Hampshire. I did not even state it as probable that Sir H. Davy was aware of the discovery of Genet before the promulgation of his own, but mentioned it only as a 'singular' coincidence. But I did state it as a fact that Dr. Metcalf was probably aware of the publication of Genet's Memorial on the upward Forces of Fluids, although he states that his own work had been two months published before he ever heard of it! Will any person believe this, I will not say probable, but possible, after comparing the extracts given in my former communications, and after learning the conduct of the "scientific" gentleman, in making false quotations? *Credat Judaeus Apella.*

A word in regard to the "Rectification of Flour." If Dr. Metcalf or any other gentleman doubts the identity of the discoveries of Genet and Davy, (and the former was made two years prior to the latter) we refer him to an article in the New-York Columbian, dated 28th March 1817. We quote from that article;

"I hope that you will enable me to claim for the Hon. E. C. Genet, member of several American and European scientific and literary societies, the priority of a discovery reported to have been lately made in England by the celebrated Sir H. Davy, on the rectification of damaged flour by the means of magnesia. *It is not contemplated to charge the great English chemist with plagiarism; his fame shields him against such a suspicion;* but my object is purely to state that in the year 1814, Mr. Genet, being in New-York, and obliged, as almost all the citizens were at that epoch, to eat bad bread, made in part with the sour and

musty flour, which the stagnation of commerce had accumulated in most all our ports—that gentleman, with the assistance of Mr. Frederick Porter, made several experiments, not only to neutralise by the admixture of magnesia alba, the acid in sour flour; but by another process, unpublished by Sir H. Davy, to cure that musty taste, so disagreeable in bread made of damaged flour, &c."

By the experiments, Mr. Genet established the fact, that magnesia not only neutralises the acidity of flour, but also prevents it, and that by another process, fire applied in a peculiar manner to damaged flour, destroy that vegetable substance called *must*, which is the production of dampness and putrefaction. Not having the necessary means, Mr. G. did not endeavor to procure a patent, but applied to several individuals, still living, to undertake the business, without success. The particulars of his discovery were published to the world, and two years after, Sir Humphrey Davy promulgated a precisely similar process in England. This was all that we meant to convey, and all our language did convey; but in regard to Dr. Metcalf, something more was intended.

Besides this particular case, there can be found in Mr. Genet's publications, an explanation of an aerial navigation machine similar in every particular to those which have been lately projected in Paris and in this country. Yet, in common with many others, the benefactors of mankind, his name will perhaps never be mentioned in connection with these discoveries; should they eventually prove of benefit to the world.

B.

Collectanea, No. 6.

Original.

29. A certain poet of France displayed his taste for poetical figures and far-fetched conceits by giving to the *wind* the designation of the *courier of Æolus*, and to the *sun* that of the *prince of tapers*.

30. The first modern author, who attempted a systematic arrangement of shells, or endeavored to systematize the elegant science of Conchology, was Daniel Major, who published in 1675, synoptical Tables, containing a few Genera, and dividing the shells into *univalves* and *multivalves*, placing the *bivalves* among the latter.

31. The first lightning-rods ever introduced into Europe, were those erected in Payneshill in England by Dr. Watson in 1762, and upon the steeple of St James church at Hamburg in Germany in 1749. They were much earlier used in New England.

32. These lines on the Human Seasons are from the pen of the English poet, John Keats;

Four Seasons fill the measure of the year;

There are four seasons in the mind of man;

He has his lusty spring, when fancy clear

Takes in all beauty with an easy span;

He has his Summer, when luxuriously

Spring's honeyed cad of youthful thought he loves

To ruminate, and by such dreaming high

Is nearest unto heaven; quiet cove

His soul has in its Autumn, when his wings

He furleth close; contented so to look

On mist in idleness—to let fair things

Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook.

He has his Winter too, of pale misfeature,
Or else he would forego his mortal nature.

33. The following Letter from General Washington is here copied as a specimen of that silent benevolence which 'vaunteth not itself,' but which is contented with the reward of an approving conscience. It is a much more interesting reminiscence of that great man's character, than the letter, containing a humorous invitation to dinner, which has lately been going the rounds of the papers. It is to William Ramsay and is dated 29th Jan. 1769.

"Dear Sir; Having once or twice of late heard you speak highly of the New Jersey college, as if you had a desire of sending your son William there, (who, I am told, is a youth fond of study and instruction, and disposed to a studious life, in following which he may not only promote his own happiness, but the future welfare of others) I should be glad, if you have no other objection to it than the expense, if you would send him to that college, as soon as convenient, and depend on me for twenty-five pounds a year for his support, so long as it may be necessary for the completion of his education. If I live to see the accomplishment of this term, the sum here stipulated shall be annually paid; and if I die in the mean time, this letter shall be obligatory upon my heirs or executors, to do it according to the true intent and meaning hereof. No other return is expected or wished, for this offer, than that you will accept it with the same freedom and good will, with which it is made, and that you may not even consider it in the light of an obligation, or mention it as such; for be assured that from me it will never be known. I am &c."

34. *Home* was the term applied to England by the inhabitants of the colonies prior to the Revolution, and at this day, advertisements very frequently appear in the Calcutta papers of vessels 'bound home,' meaning to England. There is no word in any other language, which expresses fully the meaning of this genuine English word; but the German *heimath* expresses equally the idea of one's country, but does not include the independence and comfort, conveyed by the English word.

Culture of Silk. No. 11.

Original.

During the process of moulting, the worms continue in a fixed attitude for two days at least and eat nothing. They are very much disturbed, if placed on the same board with those that require feeding. It is best to keep each days, hatching by itself and never handle them. They are easily removed and drawn to a different place, by the flavor of fresh leaves. The best mode of killing the worm after the ball is finished, is by camphor and alcohol; ten cents worth will kill fifty thousand. I used a two gallon coffee-pot in my first experiment.—This however, would be slow work with a great number; it is best to have a larger vessel, put in a layer of balls and sprinkle with camphorated spirits, do the same with every layer till the vessel is full, close it perfectly tight and place it near the fire, to be warmed

gradually and slowly. The heat will cause the vapor to pervade the whole mass and destroy life. The camphor will prevent the moths and insects attacking them afterwards. It also dissolves the gum, the threads separate more easily, and may be reeled in warm, instead of hot water, which makes the process unpleasant in summer. In the old mode of baking the balls they are generally done too much lest the worm should not be killed; the gum becomes a hard cement, the fibre of the silk is injured by the heat and the ball is often attacked by the moth. Boiling water is also required, and longer soaking preparatory to reeling.

A Revolutionary Anecdote.

Original.

Mr. T. a private soldier from N. H. left the army penniless; and hence, was compelled to seek sustenance from the charity of others on his way home. His calls were met—as the calls of the needy too often are,—with taunts and jeers, instead of satisfaction. Our case, however, was more fortunate. I will relate it:

Late one morning, faint and weary, he called at an Inn for a moment's rest. "Mine Host," perhaps from appearances, judged him not in possession of a great quantity of "the needful," and addressed him as follows: "Who are you, and what is your business?" "I am a Soldier," replied the Hero, "and want a moment's rest." "Have you any money," demanded the Landlord? "None, Sir."—"Then away from my house." "As soon, Sir, as I rest me" was the answer. Here our Hero observed what he had not noticed before. In another room, a number of gentlemen were setting themselves down to a repast. It is natural to suppose that he too, like the prodigal, was thinking "how many have bread enough and to spare, whilst I perish with hunger." Not so, however, with 'mine host.'—"What is your name," demanded he? "My name, Sir, is, *will you eat with me.*" "*Will you eat with me?*" repeated 'mine host' in a mock and ironical tone—"Will you eat with me!" "Yes, Sir," said our Hero, "and thank you too;" and suiting the action to the word, he placed himself at the table to the no small amusement of those present. Suffice it to say, our Hero made his bow and exit with a full belly, and the good wishes of all present. T.

Napoleon's Grave.

We were bound from India homewards, and losing sight of the Cape, rolled up through the blue waters, and with a lively "trade" to the Ocean-isle (St. Helena.) It was evening when we came a-breast of it, and we slackened sail, standing away from it for the night. The morn burst in its richest and most imperial loveliness, the sun rose from a pavilion of purple clouds and the billows, sparkling and dancing under the ship's bows before us, were tinged and scintillated with alternate hue and radiance of pink and silver. Presently the rock rose before us, but it was involved in the early mists, and its sterile heights and savage outline became not on the instant visible. The breeze was brisk, and we neared and neared it, and ere noon were in its open roadstead at anchor,

facing the only accessible point of its coast—James Town. Impetuously we rushed ashore; the landing was difficult—dangerous. At length we were carried up to the jerty on the back of a heavy stage. We proceeded through a wooden gateway to the town. * * *

In an hour and a half we turned aside from the main road, and traversing an arid field, came up with Longwood. It was nothing save a barn! The roof was falling in, the walls were dilapidated; cows and horses fed in manglers in it. It was deserted; few entered it; it was kept by a woman and her husband, who tended the cattle it gave shelter to. Such was Longwood!—Alas, how dismayed we looked, and how bitterly we sighed! There was a bath room, as a memento. * * *

The tomb!—the grave of Napoleon Buonaparte by moonlight! What a scene—what a moment—what feelings were those that crowded upon us! The ground we trod upon seemed sacred: the spot—the atmosphere of the region pervaded by an awe. We advanced; there, to the right hand, was the fount—its waters, how crystal, sparkling cold! the fount, how its babbling fell upon the ear—how like memories were its echoes!—We advanced—we were on the margin itself—the margin of the tomb! The silence was intense—oppressive; we were overwhelmed; we clung to the iron railings which enclosed it for support.—For a moment we were in darkness—darkness that was total; but again the moon shone out, and then we saw that the face of the sepulchre was characterless—uninscribed! Our hearts beat—we were glad it was uninscribed; what inscription was that which could be stamped on such a tomb?—*East India Magazine.*

Ride Gratis.

We learn that a few days since while a young lady was crossing one of our streets in the vicinity of the State House, which afford boys an opportunity to practice their favorite, but exceedingly annoying amusement of coasting, she was struck with a sled, which came with prodigious force, tripped up her heels, and laid her fairly on her back, as a sailor would say, "fore and aft," across the sled.—The poor boy instead of being overjoyed, was sadly frightened at such an unexpected accession of freight—but the impetus which the vehicle had already acquired was so great, that he found it impossible to check its speed; he therefore wisely judged it best to make the most of his bargain, and with admirable presence of mind, steered the sled with great care, avoiding all obstacles, at the same time bawling out with the lungs of a Stentor, "Hold on ma'am, hold on—keep your feet well up, and there is no danger." The double-loaded sled sped with the velocity of an arrow—and the astonished damsel, who never travelled at such a rate before, and probably never will again, even on a rail road, or in an air balloon, found herself, before she had hardly time to take breath, or scream for assistance, safely landed at the bottom of the hill!—*Mercantile Journal.*

"Reading makes a full man, writing a correct man, and speaking a ready man."—*Bacon.*

Grizel Cochrane.

An Historical Fragment.

When the tyranny and bigotry of the last James drove his subjects to take up arms against him, one of the most formidable enemies to his dangerous usurpation, was Sir John Cochrane, (ancestor of the present earl of Dundonald,) who was one of the most prominent actors in Argyle's rebellion. For ages a destructive doom seemed to have hung over the house of Campbell, enveloping in a common ruin all who united their fortunes to the cause of its chieftains. The same doom encompassed Sir John Cochrane. He was surrounded by the king's troops—long, deadly and desperate was his resistance; but at length, overpowered by numbers, he was taken prisoner, tried, and condemned to die on the scaffold. He had but a few days to live, and his jailer only waited the arrival of his death-warrant, to lead him forth to execution. His family and his friends had visited him in prison, and exchanged with him the last, the long, the heart-yearning farewell. But there was one who came not with the rest, to receive his blessing—one who was the pride of his eyes and of his house—even Grizel, the daughter of his love.

Twilight was casting a deeper gloom over the gratings of his prison-house, he was mourning for a last look of his favorite child, and his head was pressed against the cold, damp walls of his cell, to cool the feverish pulsations that shot through it like stings of fire, when the door of his apartment turned slowly on its unwilling hinges, and his keeper entered, followed by a young and beautiful lady. Her person was tall and commanding: her eyes dark, bright, and tearless; but their very brightness spoke of sorrow—of sorrow too deep to be wept away; and her raven tresses were parted over an open brow, clear and pure as the polished marble. The unhappy captive raised his head as they entered.

"My child! my own Grizel!" he exclaimed,—and she fell upon his bosom.

"My father! my dear father!" sobbed the miserable maiden, and she dashed away the tear that accompanied the words.

"Your interview must be short—very short," said the jailer, as he turned and left them for a few minutes together.

"Heaven help and comfort thee, my daughter!" added Sir John, while he held her to his breast, and printed a kiss upon her brow; "I had feared that I should die without bestowing my blessing on the head of my own child, and that stung me more than death; but thou art come, my love—thou art come!—and the last blessing of thy wretched father—"

"Nay, father! forbear!" she exclaimed; "not thy last blessing! not thy last! My father shall not die!"

"Be calm, be calm, my child," returned he. "Would to heaven that I could comfort thee!—my own! my own! But there is no hope; within three days, and thou and all my little ones will be—" Fatherless, he would have said, but the word died on his tongue.

"Three days!" repeated she, raising her head from her breast, but eagerly pressing his

hand;—"three days!—then there is hope—my father shall live! Is not my grandfather the friend of father Petre, the confessor and the master of the king? From him he shall beg the life of his son, and my father shall not die."

"Nay, nay, my Grizel," returned he; "be not deceived; there is no hope. Already my doom is sealed; already the king has sealed the order for my execution, and the messenger of death is now on the way."

"Yet my father shall not—shall not die!" she repeated emphatically, and clasping her hands together, "Heaven speed a daughter's purpose!" she exclaimed; and turning to her father, said calmly, "we part now, but we shall meet again!"

"What would my child?" inquired he, eagerly, and gazing anxiously on her face.

"Ask not now," she replied; "my father, ask not now, but pray for me, and bless me—but not with thy last blessing."

He again pressed her to his heart, and wept upon her neck. In a few moments the jailer entered, and they were torn from the arms of each other.

On the evening of the second day after the interview we have mentioned, a wayfaring man crossed the drawbridge at Berwick from the north, and proceeding along Marygate, sat down to rest upon a bench by the door of an hostelry on the south side of the street, nearly fronting where what was called the "main-guard" then stood. He did not enter the inn, for it was above his apparent condition, being that which Oliver Cromwell had made his headquarters a few years before, and where, at a somewhat earlier period, James the sixth of Scotland had taken up his residence, when on his way to enter on the sovereignty of England. The traveller wore a coarse jerkin, fastened round his body by a leathern girdle, and over it a short cloak, composed of equally plain materials. He was evidently a young man, but his beaver was drawn down so as almost to conceal his features. In one hand he carried a small bundle, and in the other a pilgrim's staff. Having called for a glass of wine, he took a crust of bread from his bundle, and after resting for a few minutes, rose to depart. The shades of night were setting in, and it threatened to be a night of storms. The heavens were gathering black, the clouds rushing from the sea, sudden gusts of wind were moaning along the streets, accompanied by heavy drops of rain, and the face of the Tweed was troubled.

"Heaven help thee! if thou intendest to travel far in such a night as this," said the sentinel at the English gate, as the traveller passed him, and proceeded to cross the bridge.

In a few minutes, he was upon the wide, desolate and dreary moor of Tweedmouth, which for miles presented a desert of furze, fern, and stunted heath, with here and there a dingle covered with thick brushwood. He slowly toiled over the steep hill, braving the storm, which now raved with the wildest fury. The rain fell in torrents, and the wind howled as a legion of famished wolves, hurling its doleful and angry echoes over the heath. Still the

stranger pushed onward, until he had proceeded two or three miles from Berwick; when, as if unable longer to brave the storm, he sought shelter amidst some crab and bramble bushes by the way-side. Nearly an hour had passed since he sought this imperfect refuge, and the darkness of the night and the storm had increased together, when the sound of a horse's feet was heard hurriedly plashing along the road. The rider bent his head to the blast. Suddenly his horse was grasped by the bridle; the rider raised his head, and the stranger stood before him, holding a pistol to his breast.

"Dismount!" cried the stranger, sternly.

The horseman, benumbed, and stricken with fear, made an effort to reach his arms; but in a moment the hand of the robber, quitting the bridle, grasped the breast of the rider, and dragged him to the ground. He fell heavily on his face, and for several minutes remained senseless. The stranger seized the leathern bag which contained the mail to the north, and flinging it on his shoulder, rushed across the heath.

Early on the following morning the inhabitants of Berwick were seen hurrying in groups to the spot where the robbery had been committed, and were scattered in every direction over the moor, but no trace of the robber could be obtained.

Three days had passed, and Sir John Cochrane yet lived. The mail which contained his death-warrant had been robbed, and before another order for his execution could be given, the intercession of his father, the earl of Dundonald, with the king's confessor, might be successful. Grizel now became almost his constant companion in prison, and spake to him words of comfort. Nearly fourteen days had passed since the robbery of the mail had been committed, and protracted hope in the bosom of the prisoner became more bitter than his first despair. But even that hope, bitter as it was, perished. The intercession of his father had been unsuccessful; and a second time the bigoted and would-be despotic monarch had signed the warrant for his death, and within little more than another day that warrant would reach his prison.

"The will of heaven be done!" groaned the captive.

"Amen!" responded Grizel, with wild vehemence; "yet my father shall not die."

Again the rider with the mail had reached the moor of Tweedmouth, and a second time he bore with him the doom of Sir John Cochrane. He spurred his horse to his utmost speed—he looked cautiously before, behind, and around him, and in his right hand he carried a pistol ready to defend himself. The moon shed a ghostly light across the heath, which was only sufficient to render desolation dimly visible, and it gave a spiritual embodiment to every shrub. He was turning the angle of a straggling copse, when his horse reared at the report of a pistol, the fire of which seemed to dash into its very eyes. At the same moment his own pistol flashed, and his horse rearing more violently, he was driven from the saddle. In a moment the foot of the

robber was upon his breast, who, bending over him, and brandishing a short dagger in his hand, said,

"Give me thine arms, or die!"

The heart of the king's servant failed within him, and without venturing to reply, he did as he was commanded.

"Now go thy way," said the robber, sternly, "but leave with me thy horse, and leave the mail, lest a worse thing come upon thee."

The man arose, and proceeded toward Berwick, trembling; and the robber, mounting the horse which he had left, rode rapidly across the heath.

Preparations were making for the execution of Sir John Cochrane, and the officers of the law waited only for the arrival of the mail with his second death-warrant, to lead him forth to the scaffold, when the tidings arrived that the mail had again been robbed. For yet fourteen days, and the life of the prisoner would be again prolonged. He again fell on the neck of his daughter, and wept, and said,

"It is good,—the hand of heaven is in this!"

"Said I not," replied the maiden, and for the first time she wept aloud, "that my father should not die?"

The fourteen days were not yet past, when the prison doors flew open, and the earl of Dundonald rushed to the arms of his son. His intercession with the confessor had been successful, and after twice signing the warrant for the execution of Sir John, which had as often failed in reaching its destination, the king had sealed his pardon.

He had hurried with his father from the prison to his own house; his family were clinging around him, shedding tears of joy—but Grizel, who, during his imprisonment, had suffered more than them all, was again absent. They were marvelling with gratitude at the mysterious providence that had twice intercepted the mail, and saved his life, when a stranger craved an audience. Sir John desired him to be admitted, and the robber entered; he was habited, as we have before described, with the coarse cloak and coarser jerkin, but his bearing was above his condition. On entering, he slightly touched his beaver, but remained covered.

"When you have perused these," said he, taking two papers from his bosom, "cast them in the fire."

Sir John glanced on them—started, and became pale. They were his death-warrants!

"My deliverer!" he exclaimed; "how—how shall I thank thee—how repay the saviour of my life? My father—my children—thank him for me!"

The old earl grasped the hand of the stranger—the children embraced his knees. He pressed his hand to his face, and burst into tears.

"By what name," eagerly inquired Sir John, "shall I thank my deliverer?"

The stranger wept aloud, and raising his beaver, the raven tresses of Grizel Cochrane fell on the coarse cloak!

"Gracious heavens!" exclaimed the astonished and enraptured father, "my own child—my saviour—my own Grizel!"

It is unnecessary to add more. The imagination of the reader can supply the rest; and we may only add, that Grizel Cochrane, whose heroism and noble affection we have here briefly and imperfectly sketched, was the grandmother of the late Sir John Stewart, of Allankbank, in Berwickshire, and great great grandmother of Mr. Coutt, the celebrated banker.

A Burial at Sea.

The ship heaves to, and the funeral rite
O'er the gallant form is said,
And the rough man's cheek with tears is bright,
As he lowers the gentle dead.

The ship again o'er the wide blue surge
Like a winged arrow flies,
And the moan of the sea is the only dirge,
Where the lonely sleeper lies.

GOODRICH.

I shall never forget the day we buried poor Gerard. It was a clear, pleasant morning, between four and five bells of the forenoon watch. The wind, which was about a seven knot breeze, was a little abaft the beam, and in the southern latitude where we were cruising, blew with a welcome freshness on our cheeks. Our studding-sails were set, on both sides lower and aloft, and they gleamed in the light of the sun, with dazzling brightness. It had been calm all the day before, while life was slowly exhaling, from Gerard's pale lips, and there was consequently but little sea rolling, more than the usual ground swell. Our gallant frigate cut swiftly through the blue water; leaving behind her a sparkling track of foam in her wake; not unlike, thought I, as I leaned, in a musing mood, over the taffrail, the light which for a little while will linger on the ocean of time, marking the short and brilliant career of him whom we are about to consign to the deep.

If ever a man combined the qualities of a thorough sailor with those of a thorough gentleman, it was Frederick Gerard. He was not one of your fair-weather officers. He was one of those intelligent, cool, collected minds which no difficulty can appal, and no emergency, however sudden, take by surprise. I remember, as if it were last night, with what admirable presence of mind he worked our ship out of a most dangerous situation, when she was struck aback, with all sails set, by a tremendous squall, in the British Channel, with a reef of rocks just under our counter, and scarcely sea room enough to wear the Commodore's gig. The oldest fore-castle sailor on board turned as pale as death, and old Jack Stewart who had been at sea, man and boy, for forty odd years, gave up all for lost.

Not so Fred Gerard, who fortunately happened to have the deck. With an undaunted heart, he leaped upon the lookout block, and, perceiving in an instant the only chance of salvation, he issued his orders accordingly, in such a clear, distinct, and firm voice, that the very sound restored confidence to the crew.—The least confusion of thought, or the least hesitation to act, and we should all have perished. But Fred Gerard was not the man to be confused, or to hesitate in any situation. He would see more at a single glance than most persons could discover by minute inspection; and his actions succeeded the operations of his

reasoning powers so rapidly, that he seemed rather to be propelled by intuition than reflection. When poor old Simmons, the quarter gunner, fell overboard, we were running down from Algiers to Gibraltar, before a strong Levanter; and any one who has ever been in the Mediterranean knows what kind of a wind that is to lay to in. Simmons had been ordered out on the side, to black the bends that we might not look too rusty when we should come to anchor in the bay of Gibraltar. He was a clumsy old fellow, and had foolishly taken hold of some nine thread ratline stuff, that was rove in the gangway, to keep the young reefers from falling overboard; but his weight tore off the thin piece of board to which it was attached, and down he fell into the waves.

The cry of "a man overboard! a man overboard!" was immediately passed fore and aft, and great was the consternation of all hands, as, looking over the bulwarks, they could but just discern the poor old sailor's gray head, already far astern, and the sea rolling between, half mast high. It was a lucky thing for Simmons that Fred Gerard had the morning watch that day; and it would have done his old heart good, nearly suffocated as he must have been, could he have seen with what promptness his preserver backed the yards, hove the vessel to, cleared away the stern boat, and, giving the trumpet to another lieutenant, whom the cry had brought on deck, jumped, himself, the first man, into the jolly boat, and pulled an oar most lustily to his rescue.

But I am wandering from my subject. I meant to speak of the burial of Gerard, and the cause which led to his death: not of his nautical skill and noble promptness of daring in a proper cause.

Till a short time before his death, there was not, in all the squadron, a gayer hearted and happier fellow than Fred Gerard. He was a tall, well built man; and his countenance had received, from his exposure in different parts of the world, a dark tinge, that rather added to, than diminished, his beauty. A sabre-cut over the left eye, which had been given him in a personal rencontre with a celebrated West India pirate, whom he had singly met and subdued, imparted a more military air to his expression, without impairing the effect of his regular and classical features. Just before he left home on his last cruise—

"Ah! little thought he 'twas his last!"

he had married a beautiful girl, to whom he had long been fervently attached. It was a stolen match, and I, and our chaplain, who united them, were the only ones, on his part privy to it. How beautifully her delicate white complexion contrasted with his, as they joined hands before our nautical parson, who, by the way, was more skilled in the mystery of lobs-couse and sea-pie, than in the ceremonies appertaining to his clerical character. However, the sacred rite was pronounced, the inaudible whisper of assent passed her trembling lips, and the lovely Jane Dayton became the bride of Fred. He looked, along side of the timid and blushing creature, like a lofty and stately frigate convoying a Baltimore clipper; and he would have been full as prompt and efficient in resenting an injury or insult offered to her, as

any of our frigates have ever been in supporting the dignity of the American flag.

Just before we left Gibraltar to run down the coast of Africa, on our homeward bound passage, a vessel arrived, bringing letters to most of the officers of the squadron. Fred, among others, received a packet, which, as was always his custom, he retired to his state-room to peruse. In two or three hours after, when supper was prepared in the wardroom, the steward knocked at his door to call him, and, not receiving any answer, opened it—when there poor Fred was seen, lying stretched on the floor, which was crimson with his blood. In his hand, tightly grasped, was the letter he had been perusing, and a glance at this immediately explained all. His Jane was dead! She had expired in giving birth to a child; and the shock of the intelligence had proved more than Fred could bear. He had endeavored to suppress his agony, so as to give no audible intimation of it, and in the struggle of his feelings a blood vessel had become ruptured, and he had sunk fainting on the deck. Medical assistance was, of course, immediately administered; and it had the effect to produce a partial restoration. Fred's body recovered—But his mind never did. He was no more the gay, cheerful fellow he had been; a heavy despondency settled on his spirits, which soon took the form of a hasty consumption; and in just two months and three days after he received the intelligence of his wife's death, he breathed his last.

The word had been passed, when the men were turned to, at one bell in the forenoon watch, for all hands to prepare themselves for muster, or, in other phrase, for the ship's crew to dress themselves in their best apparel; and when the quarter-master struck five bells, that is, at half past ten o'clock, an order was sent up from the cabin, for the boatswain to call all hands to bury the dead. Scarcely had the deep sepulchral voices of himself and mates reverberated through the ship, before every soul on board was on the main deck, gathered together in a compact group just forward of the mainmast, anxious to show all the respect in their power to their deceased officer. The cheeks of many a rugged tar that day were wet with drops of real sorrow for the fate of poor Fred who was always the favorite of the crew, in whatever ship he sailed. The body, wrapped up in a tarred hammock and enclosed in a coffin, which the carpenter had hastily constructed, and over which an American ensign was thrown, was passed up the main hatchway, and placed on the bulwark, ready to launch it into the deep. The solemn words of the Episcopal burial service was read in a slow, impressive manner, by the chaplain, and at the sentence beginning, "We commit his body to the deep," the board on which the coffin rested was inclined towards the sea—the coffin slid from it—a splash was heard—a deep silence succeeded—and all that was left on earth of Frederick Gerard, sunk, unseen, unheard, down deep into the bosom of the ocean. Poor fellow

"No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee,

Or redeem form or frame from the merciless surge;
But the white foam of waves shall thy winding sheet be,
And winds, in the midnight of winter, thy dirge!"

Tales and Sketches.

Way-Side Sketches.—Number 3.

Original.

July 11th, Whitesboro'. A beautiful morning as ever came from heaven. A walk by the Canal, and a long talk, all about enterprise—western emigration—Greece—the Islanders of the Blessed—Peris and enchantment. We had strayed south to the hill that overlooks the village, and commands a view of Utica, and of the Canal, for miles to the east and the west. The sun was just peering above the far off horizon, and as he threw his splendor upon earth and water, the reflection stole over us that the land towards the greeting of his morning beams was the only spot in the wide world that contains those who are interested in our welfare! that the world besides is a world of strangers in whose breast there is strung no chord to vibrate in sympathy with our own. We however steeled ourselves against such intrusive visits, and returned to our lodgings with the honest conviction that, though life and its circumstances are a "fleeing show," there are occasionally bright gleams of a better destiny dancing across its troubled path.

Through the morning as usual—reading and writing. We found that we had already been lingering among the agreeable scenes of this quiet little village, longer than we had at first designed, and depositing our baggage on board a packet for Buffalo, we resolved to make a pedestrian tour to Trenton Falls, and thence to Niagara. There were certainly feelings of regret mingled with our exchange of farewells as we once more sallied forth in quest of adventures. It is true that our life is made up of transient embraces and sudden partings.—We but just commence an intimacy—only link our sympathies with those of a friend—just smile in confidence and begin to trust, when our paths diverge and we separate—perchance not again to meet until we join the great congregation which the last trump will summon together.

Fifteen miles walk from Utica, over a beautiful and somewhat picturesque country, brought us to the Rural Retreat, the Mansion house, at the Falls. A few miles out from Utica, we enjoyed one of the richest and most extensive prospects that ever attracted the gaze of romantic knight-errant. I endeavored to sketch the *tout ensemble* of the picture upon a blank leaf of my journal, while John was engaged in perpetrating some strangers, impromptu—or observing the features of the landscape for future description.

Evening at Trenton. "I am nox inducere terris Umbras, et coelo diffundere signa parabat." Calm and beautiful. The moon, high up in heaven, sheds down her soft and glowing radiance, and the stars look from their thrones on high, as if eloquent with that unwritten poetry with which the world is full. It seems as if spirit-voices whispered through the air, and

sent down their melodious tones upon the winds that fall with such softness and fragrance upon the uncovered brow! I have been to view the falls by moonlight and now as I sit by the window, within the sound of the murmur of their music, I feel an awe upon my spirit, and yet a deep and strong excitement. If there is poetry which can never be written, and music which no created or artificial thing can equal or imitate, it certainly bursts forth here, and pours out its fullest, sweetest melody. I am altogether unable to express the feelings which crowded into my excited mind as I gazed upon this monument of Divine wisdom and might, with its grandeur and sublimity aided by the magic influence of moon and starlight. I felt as if I stood by a scene of enchantment with the weird wand of the enchanter upon my spirit. The incessant roar of the Falls—their deep and solemn music—the rising spray—and the sleeping and fitful gleams upon the moonlit waters—all together furnish a spectacle to awe and inspire. I have stood upon the mountain summit and heard the hoarse voice of the thunder and seen the vivid blaze of the lightning flash, curling and writhing beneath my feet—I have leaned against the beetling crag upon the ocean's shore, when the storm-spirit was abroad in his fury and the old ocean-god walked the waters in anger—and I have deemed that I knew something of the emotion of sublimity; but on this occasion my feelings are more deep, yet calm—more intense and impassioned than when excited, by the ocean and the storm. But I am not in for description to-night, after the fatigue of the afternoon, and I must see them by sunlight ere I can venture a sketch.

Thursday, 12th. Have taken a second view of the Falls this morning. We went out early and wasted more than five hours in admiration of the scene, and in procuring specimens of fossils which are found imbedded in the limestone which forms the walls of the ravine; wet with the spray which the dashing waters threw over us and fatigued with climbing the rock and the precipice, I shall subjoin but a slight and imperfect description.

The falls are on West Canada Creek, about twenty-five miles from its junction with the Mohawk. They consist of several *chutes* in a distance of about two miles. The upper fall is twenty feet, but the previous descent over the rapids above, is said to be sixty feet. The water at the first fall is received into a large basin and thence winds its way downwards through a precipitous ravine, one hundred feet in depth, and in the summit of the banks, two hundred feet across. This ravine presents some of the most romantic peculiarities. In many places the topmost crags overhang the stream, and some hardy trees, rooted in the crevices of the rock, throw their branches boldly and proudly over the abyss. From an overhanging crag with a dizzy elevation of ninety feet, nature has furnished a luxuriant and constant shower-bath—exceedingly tempting in a sultry July day like this.

There are six distinct falls—the one already noticed—and the next consists of two pitches and is known as the cascades, where the water is compressed into a very narrow space, and

falls eighteen feet. The mill-dam falls, so called, next in succession, are fifteen feet in height, of semi-circular form, and the falling water resembles a wide and bright sheet of molten silver. A short distance below are the high falls consisting of three pitches and, including the intervening slopes, they form a descent of one hundred and nine feet. On the left bank, as you pass up, and in a range with the high falls some "daring yankee" probably, has erected a house for refreshment, and as it were, hung it up on the side of the ravine.—The fifth is called Sherman's falls, about seventy rods below the high falls, and the descent is thirty five feet. The last fall is only six feet. The whole descent from the top of the upper fall to the base of the lower fall, is said to be three hundred and eighty-seven feet. A stair way is formed at the bottom of the ravine, by means of which a view is obtained of the principal falls and by means of chains and supports which are fastened in the eternal rock which walls the channel of this splendid stream, the visitor passes up, within the ravine, often treading on a narrow path, and under over-arching rocks, to the upper fall. The whole forms a stupendous and inimitable scene, calculated to excite those feelings of awe and sublimity which the wilder works of nature are fitted to call forth. It is a spot marked by the omnipotent hand of the Almighty—where He has left the impress of his power, and the written signature of his limitless might—and if we may so express it—where He receives everlasting homage in the deep and sublime music which these waters utter forth.

I know not that I can better express my feelings than in the words of Brainard;—

"The thoughts are strange that crowd into my soul
While I look upward to thee. It would seem
As if God poured thee from his 'hollow hand,'
And hung his bow upon thy awful front;
And spoke in that loud voice which seemed to him
Who dwelt in Patmos, for his Saviour's sake,
'The sound of many waters'—and had bade
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back
And notch his centuries in the eternal rocks.
Deep calleth into deep. And what are we
That hear the question of that voice sublime?
Oh what are all the notes that ever rung
From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side?
Yea what is all the riot man can make
In his short life, to thy unceasing roar!
And yet bold babblers! what art thou to him
Who drowned the world, and heaped the waters far
Above its loftiest mountains? a light wave
That breaks, and whispers of its Maker's might."

C.

THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

Concord, Friday Feb. 20, 1835.

WORCESTER'S DICTIONARY. The author of this work has just published a letter in reply to one by Dr Webster, before alluded to in the Gazette, in which that gentleman advanced 121 words which he accused Mr Worcester of borrowing from his dictionary. The latter, on the other hand has furnished Dr Webster, with such authorities as Ash's and Todd's dictionaries and Pickering's Vocabulary for ninety of the words advanced. Of course he had as

good right to them as Dr W. although that learned and venerable lexicographer seems to have considered himself their author. Most of the others of the words advanced, are words in common use or compound words, such as *cart-rut*, *semi-annual* &c. words, with which Mr Worcester cannot be supposed to have been unacquainted, although no lexicographer before Dr Webster considered them sufficiently established to be admitted into their vocabularies. Mr Worcester certainly had a right to employ all words, with which he was familiar, and we see not the harm, had he even copied from Dr. Webster, a word of the latter's own coining, did he consider it of importance to the English language. That gentleman of course availed himself of the labors of his predecessors, and he should expunge from his work every word he has borrowed from preceding compilers, and from his Spelling Book, every trace of the property of *Dilworth*, before he can consistently claim an exclusive right to the 120 words, so triumphantly advanced in his letter to Mr Worcester.

When we took up our pen, we were proceeding to say something of the Dictionary in dispute, a work which Dr Webster seems to be doing his part to bring into notice. We have examined it with care, and feel satisfied that it possesses claims superior to any other work of the kind, now in use. It is peculiarly a *Pronouncing Dictionary* and gives all the various authorities for disputed pronunciation. It includes all the words and expressions borrowed from other languages and in extensive use in our own. Its appendix contains very useful tables of the pronunciation of proper names, and the orthography of words variously spelled. It contains 6000 more words than the work of Walker and is afforded at a very low price. Two editions have been published, and it is in very general use in many of the states. In New Hampshire, it is comparatively little known, but we hope it will receive the examination of those who feel interest in works of this description.

COPY-RIGHT. By the Act of Congress of 1831, an exclusive right of publishing and vending is given to an author for a period of 28 years; and should he be living at the expiration of that period, it may be renewed for life. This is a modification of a former-existing law, which gave the author an exclusive right for 14 years only, at the end of which period, if living, it might be renewed for another term of 14 years. A similar modification of a similar law was lately made in England.

In that country, by statute, an author, to secure a copy-right, was obliged to deposit nine copies of his work in as many designated libraries; which severe tax was much evaded by publishers till 1811, when the University of Cambridge brought an action to enforce the delivery, and procured a verdict.

In France, the author, and his wife if she survive him, have an exclusive right for life, and his children for 20 years after his decease. In England, there is made no distinction between citizens and aliens; in the United States, the former only have the right. In our country, no person may take the whole or a large part of another work, as a quotation, but may introduce into his own book a fair quotation from the work of another. If a review copies so large a part of a work as to serve as a substitute for it, it is liable. But a man may, by our present law, make an abridgment of the work of another without a violation of the copy-right, a provision which occasionally bears with great rigor upon the original author. The original form of a valuable work is not always the most inviting or saleable, and a man may see the fruit of his labors taken from him by the operation of our protective system of abridgment. Washington Irving, to avoid loss on this account, was obliged himself to prepare an abridgment of his *Life of Columbus*.

We have thought, that the above hints, in these days of plagiarism and servile imitation, might be serviceable.

ORNITHOLOGY. It is a prevalent opinion in many parts of New England, that the little Snow-bird of winter is in summer, transformed into the small Chipping-Swallow, so common in the warm months of the year. This is a great mistake, the two species being entirely distinct. The Snow-bird in Summer seeks still colder regions to the north, being unfitted by its constitution, for a residence in our climate in that weather, so agreeable to all our other birds.

MORE QUACKERY. At the York Assizes, England, on the 23d of July last, Mr Webb, a vender of Morrison's [the *HYGEIAN*] pills, was sentenced to six months imprisonment, for administering a large quantity to a young man and thereby causing his death. He was convicted of manslaughter, but the Jury recommended him to the mercy of the Court. When will the community cease to tolerate such barefaced imposition!

We regret that a few typographical errors occurred in the tale furnished by our correspondent last week. In the first column, 'bitterness of my affection' should have been 'bitterness of my affliction.' In the next, for 'Calibar,' read 'Caliban.' In the fourth, for 'halloved' read 'hallooed.'

POETRY.

The Soldier's Bride.

Yes, ye may pay your thoughtless duty,
Vain throng, to glory's distant star,
And ye may smile when blooming beauty
Rewards the gallant son of war :
For me, I sigh to think that sorrow
May soon that gentle heart betide,
And soon a sad, a gloomy morrow
May dawn upon the Soldier's Bride.

Oh ! were her path the scene of brightness,
Portrayed by ardent fancy's ray,
Oh ! could her bosom thrill in lightness,
When glory's pictured charms decay ;
Could hope still bless her golden slumbers,
And crown the dreams of youthful pride,
Then might ye smile, ye thoughtless numbers,
Then greet with joy the Soldier's Bride.

But when appalled by threatening dangers,
And doomed in distant scenes to roam,
To meet the chilling glance of strangers,
And vainly mourn her peaceful home.
Oft will her tearful eye discover
The fears her bosom once defied,
Oft shall the smiles that blessed the lover,
Desert the Soldier's weeping Bride.

And when, perchance, war's stunning rattle
Greets from afar her shuddering ear,
When yielding to the fate of battle,
Her hero meets an early bier,
Condemned in hopeless grief to languish,
She yields to sorrow's gushing tide,
And tears express in silent anguish,
The sadness of the Soldier's Bride ;

What then avails the wreath of glory ?
The victor it should crown is fled ;
The din of fame, the martial story,
Reach not the mansions of the dead ;
She views with sighs the dear bought treasure
That seems her sorrows to deride,
And shuns the mimic gleam of pleasure,
That mocks the Soldier's widowed Bride.

To me, her flowery crown of gladness
Seems like the drooping cypress wreath,
Her nuptial throng—a train of sadness,
Her minstrel band—the dirge of death :
Ah ! soon will grief those blossoms sever,
Soon fade that cheek with blushes dyed,
And dim with darkening clouds for ever,
The triumph of the Soldier's Bride. M. A.

Human Love.

By N. P. Willis.

Oh ! if there is one law above the rest
Written in wisdom—if there is a word
That I could trace as with a pen of fire,
Upon the unsunn'd temper of a child ;
If there is anything that keeps the mind
Open to angel's visits and repels
The ministry of ills, 'tis Human Love !
God has made nothing worthy of contempt—
The smallest pebble in the well of truth,
Has its peculiar meaning, and will stand
When man's best monuments wear fast away.
The law of Heaven is love ; and though its name
Has been usurp'd by passion and profan'd
To its unholy uses through all time,
Still the eternal principle is pure ;
And in those deep affections we feel
Omnipotent within us—we but see
The lavish of his measures in which love is given ;
And in the yearning tenderness of a child,
For every bird that sings above his head,
And every creature feeding on the hills,
And every tree and flower and running brook,
We see how every thing was made to Love :
And how they err, who in a world like this
Find any thing to hate but human pride.

The Newspaper.

Lo ! where it comes before the cheerful fire,
Damp from the press its smoky curls aspire
(As from the earth the sun exhales the dew,)
Ere we can read the wonders that ensue ;
Then eager every eye surveys the part
That brings its favorite subject to the heart ;
Grave politicians look for facts alone,
And gravely add conjectures of their own ;
The sprightly nymph who never broke her rest,
For tottering crowns, or mighty lands oppress'd,
Finds broils and battles, but neglects them all
For songs and suits, a birth-day or a ball.
The keen warm man o'erlooks each idle tale,
For " monies wanted," and estates on sale,
While some with equal minds to all attend ;
Pleased with each part, and grieved to find an end.
To this all readers turn, and they can look,
Pleased on a paper, who abhor a book,
Those who ne'er deign'd their Bible to peruse,
Would think it hard to be denied their News ;
Sinners and Saints, the wisest with the weak,
Here mingle tastes, and one amusement seek ;
This like a public Inn, provides a treat
Where each promiscuous guest sits down to eat ;
And such this mental food, as we may call
Something to all men, and to some men all.

Crabbe's Poems.

The World to Come.

By Bowring.

If all our hopes and all our fears
Were prison'd in life's narrow bound ;
If travellers through this vale of tears,
We saw no better world beyond ;
Oh, what could check the rising sigh,
What earthly thing could pleasure give ?
Oh, who could venture then to die ?—
Oh, who could venture then to live ?

Were life a dark and desert moor,
Where mists and clouds eternal spread,
Their gloomy veil behind, before,
And tempests thunder overhead ;
Where not a sun-beam breaks the gloom,
And not a flow'ret smiles beneath,
Who could exist in such a tomb ?—
Who dwell in darkness and in death ?

And such were life without the ray
From our divine religion given ;
'Tis this that makes our darkness day,
'Tis this that makes our earth a heaven.
Bright is the golden sun above,
And beautiful the flowers that bloom :
And all is joy, and all is love,
Reflected from the world to come.

A Mirror for Bostonians.

By Fanny Kemble.

Well, well, thank Heaven, every thing has
an end, as the dwarf said when he saw the Ir-
ish giant. I am squeezed to a jelly—sad—
suffocated—silent. Friendly pen ! I invoke
thine aid—yet what can one say of the B—
soirees ! but that their monotony is their least
evil ?—The learned conversation is flimsy—
the flimsy conversation is heavy—Heavens !
what a contrast to the *spirituelle reunions* of
Madame de S. in Paris ! There was more wit
uttered in her house in a casual sentence than
I have heard in the whole U. S. There was a
foreigner this evening whom the girls seemed
to affect mightily—a tall second rate dandy
Dutchman, with a huge mouth, and a *bran* new
coat with shining buttons. The women have
a mania for foreigners, but without the least
power of distinguishing between the best and

the worst—in fact the worst invariably take
amongst them. To be valued, a foreigner
must give himself airs—talk a vast deal—shrug
his shoulders—insinuate that he has been at
Devonshire House. If he is a quiet gentle-
man, he runs no chance. A true gentleman
may find pleasure in the company of an honest
farmer, or an industrious mechanic—there is
no vulgarity in a man who keeps in his own
station. Vulgarity consists in pretending be-
yond our sphere ; and the Yankees have so
much pretension themselves that a foreigner
with none is considered nobody. If I lived
here I would be a democrat, and swear by the
majesty of the people. I would eschew all
those flimsy and groundless distinctions. They
tried dancing on the carpet to the sound of the
piano—bowed and curtsied to each other, and
walked through some unheard-of figures—then
a little waltzing was proposed—but this was a
failure—one young lady never waltzed but with
her brother—another only waltzed with old
men—a third only waltzed with her aunt—a
fourth with married men. I took a turn with
a man who seemed to go upon one leg, and not
very well upon that—one lady took a pleasure
in throwing down her partner at the close, but
she is I believe a privileged romp. I took a
chair, (not a rocking chair) and turned my back
upon them all—looked cross, and refused to go
into the supper room. Thank Heaven !—We
go off in two days, or my wrath would certainly
explode—as it is, they are afraid of me, and
therefore very civil.

Anagram.

The Republic of North America affords the
following anagram. Thus : "The United
States of North America," contains—"First,
the mad tea act—the Union rose." Now if
we transpose the same, it will furnish the fol-
lowing anagram : "The Constitution made earth
safer ;" or—"The Constitution made earth's
fear."

*An ancient Irish Anacreontic, recently
Translated.*

See the ripe fruit. Oh ! were I such,—
That mellow hangs from yonder spray ;
To win your eyes, to woo your touch,
And on your lips to melt away !

Were I a rose in some fair bower,
By thee selected from the rest ;
To triumph in thy choice an hour,
And die upon thy snowy breast !

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